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## The People's Press.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,  
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One Copy one year . . . . . \$1.00  
" " six months . . . . . 75  
" " three . . . . . 50

## The People's Press.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, the Markets and General Information.

VOL. XXX.

SALEM, N. C., SEPTEMBER 21, 1882.

NO. 38.

## Early Autumn.

Of seasons this the perfect type!

The earth, the teeming earth is ripe!

From regal heights of mountain glade

To immodest depth fenny shade,

The pollinating eadow fly.

With rapt repetitions of this cry,

Yes, ripe, in full fruition, stand

The numerous plains, the meadow land;

This yellow with its latter grain;

That, shadowed by the russet train

Of fair Pomana's fragrant robe,

Whose rustling steps full harvests bode.

Outline in blue and palest gold,

The distant hills soft miste unfold;

A gentle wind just breaks the grass;

To let loose what rest has

Of man and woman bloom.

Presented o'er a lonely tomb,

Some few croons to sing

Their summer notes; the crickets ring

Their tiny moly-flies flounce at wide;

While honeydew spiders weavng glide,

And field mice covertly abide.

The river flows with broader swells;

A brooklet glistens and blithely purrs;

Amidst its dikes of stones and moss;

And, here and there, leaves crinkled tones

Forers of the latest fall.

Which must proceed gray winter's pall?

Yet still the dreary season's told,

In future days, and cannot bide

The melancholy heart's lilt.

Whereof all nature seems so wile.

It leaps, this life, on maiden cheeks,

(Which deeper blush) and its course leaps

Through every muscle of the youth,

Whose ready hand strips from their bough

The juicy clusters of the grape.

Which ceiling tendrils closely drape.

It beats, it throb, ah yes, it told,

In joyous flow, to staid and old,

In measure full, yes, bounteous,

In sooth it well deserves to be!

It but to feel the wilesome flood

Of water, bright, and renewsed blood

With freshes from the brain to heart,

And to each wile would cast import,

Yielding the soul a chearing faith

That love and joy are not a wraith?

—William Struthers.

## Mrs. Whitaker's Deaf Ear.

Mrs. Whitaker was deaf in one ear.

It was her right ear, and it was stone deaf.

Mrs. Whitaker had acquired a habit of sleeping upon her left side, with her deaf ear up, and this had often been a source of annoyance to her husband, who was nervous and irritable, while she was a woman whose calmness and serenity of disposition were remarkable.

Sleeping with her deaf ear up, Mrs. Whitaker at night was rarely disturbed by noises which robbed her husband of his rest. The hum of the mosquito which maddened him was not heard by her.

After a long night and sent him flying about to close the windows.

His face was covered with cobwebs and his clothes with coal dust; but he exulted in the thought that he was a free man.

He took his dead-latch key from his pocket and was about to try to open the front door when he remembered that he had locked the door and pulled the chain. The door was not used trying to ring the bell. The wire was broken, and Mrs. Whitaker wouldn't hear the bell if the wire hadn't been broken. There was but one last hope of making her hear, and that was by throwing gravel stones against the window. Mr. Whitaker frequently filled Mr. Whitaker with vexation as they deprived him of sleep; but his wife slumbered sweetly on and heard them not. Indeed, it rarely happened that she heard the crying of the baby until Mr. Whitaker, indignant at its refusal to go to sleep, would rouse her by shaking her, and would ask her to try to make it sleep.

Mr. Whitaker had often remonstrated with his wife about this habit of sleeping upon her left side, with her deaf ear up, and she had often replied good-humoredly with a promise to try to remember to break herself of it, but somehow or other it continued to cling to her.

One night in winter time Mr. Whitaker sat up in his library till a late hour, reading a book in which he was very much interested. His wife retired early. Mr. Whitaker finally closed his book, and after locking the front door went down in the cellar, in accordance with his custom, to the furnace room, where he had been first employed for the night.

While he was poking it, a gust of wind came through the screen upon one of the ceiling windows and slammed the door leading into the back hallway above, through which he had come. For a moment Mr. Whitaker did not think of the matter particularly, but suddenly he remembered that he had put a spring lock on the other side of that door, and the thought struck him that the catch might possibly be down. He ascended the stairs and tried the door. The catch was down; and he had no key. He was locked in the cellar, for the key of the out-solar door he knew was in the kitchen.

He could hardly think what he had better do about the matter, but finally he concluded to try to make his wife hear him and come to his rescue. He seized the long and heavy furnace poker, and inserting the crook of it above the bell-wire that ran along the joist of the cellar ceiling he pulled. The bell jangled loudly, but it was in the kitchen, and Mrs. Whitaker was in the front room in the second story. Would she hear it? He pulled the wire again, twice, then sat down on the floor. And Mr. Whitaker actually felt a kind of malicious joy as he thought he would soon be far away from his deaf ear up.

This increased his growing irritation, and he pulled the bell-wire with the poker fifteen or twenty times.

"I could hear that a mile from here if I were deaf as a post!" he exclaimed as he threw the poker on the floor and took his seat again, with the bell still vibrating.

But Mrs. Whitaker did not hear the noise, for no sound of her coming reached the ears of her impatient and indignant husband.

He grew angrier every moment. He felt a sense of injustice. It seemed unkind, inhuman for his wife to be sleeping away calmly upstairs, while he was locked up in the dismal recesses of the cellar.

"I'll make her hear me or I'll break something," he exclaimed, seizing the poker and hooking it upon the bell-wire. Then he pulled the wire with such furious energy that he broke it, and the jangling of the bell died away.

"It is little short of scandalous," said Mr. Whitaker, in a rage. "I have spoken so often to Ellen about sleeping with her deaf ear up that it looks like malice—deliberate, fiendish

station shone through the deep darkness. Mr. Whitaker inquired of the man upon the platform the way to a hotel, and then he started to go to it. In descending the wet and slippery steps of the platform he lost his footing and fell. He was very much hurt and found that he could not rise. He called for help, and when the railroad man—the only man who was anywhere about—came to him, he discovered that further assistance would be required, for Mr. Whitaker's leg was broken.

The man soon brought three other men, and placing the hurt man upon a board they carried him to the hotel and sent for a doctor.

If Mr. Whitaker, sitting in the car, had thought himself a very foolish man, what did Mr. Whitaker, lying far away from home in a wreathed bed, with his leg broken, think of himself? Mr. Whitaker thought that he was a colossal idiot on that earth he was that personage.

Early in the morning he sent a telegram to his wife, urging her to come to him at once, and right speedily came a reply from her, saying that she would be there as soon as she could.

A third time he sent a message.

From the window of his bedroom in the hotel the invalid could see the station and the railroad, and as he watched them, while he longed for the train to come, he tried to arrange in his mind, for his wife, an explanation of his conduct which would present it in its best possible light.

Senseless anger is one of the things that defies justification, and a man's very sense that his wife's love makes her capacity for forgiveness almost ilimitable, only tends to deepen his shame when he is conscious of having wronged her.

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He heard his spouse walking across the floor, but when he called again there was no response, and he knew that he was mistaken.

The soul of Mr. Whitaker was filled with gloom. In his anger he indulged in sardonic humor. "I suppose she rather relishes having me down in the cellar here all night; it is a good joke!" But let her take care! She may laugh upon the other side of her mouth before we are done with this business!"

And he laughed a wild and bitter laugh.

Poor Mrs. Whitaker, sleeping sweetly upstairs in perfect unconsciousness, would have been deeply pained to learn how gravely her husband wronged her.

He heard the whistle which announced the approach of the 9 o'clock train. The train came in view and drew up to the station. Mr. Whitaker looked eagerly at the persons who got out of the car, but Ellen was not among them. She had not come. He fell back again upon the bed with a sigh and again to grow angry with her.

But the poor woman was on that train. Alarmed by the discovery when she rose in the morning that Mr. Whitaker was not in the house, she had gone to the station and was increased when she received the telegram from him.

What could be the explanation of the mystery of his disappearance? She was so agitated that she could hardly prepare for the journey. But she reached the depot and got into the car and began to move toward Bristol.

The first handfull produced no effect. The sleeper did not heed it. Neither did she hear the second handfull, nor the third, nor the tenth, which was dashed against the head again with several of her best horses.

He had to be assisted by his wife to get up again, and as he did so he was exulted in thinking of Mr. Whitaker that she did not notice that the train had stopped.

When he found that his wife had not come Mr. Whitaker made up his mind to go home at all hazards. A steamboat stopped at the wharf at half-past 9 on its way to the city; and borne upon a litter he had himself carried on board. In an hour he was at the city wharf, whence a wagon carried him to his house. He was shocked and disappointed to ascertain from his wife that Mrs. Whitaker had gone to see him on the train on which she said she would go. He could not comprehend why she had missed him, and all day long he lay in bed worrying about her and wondering why she did not come.

Mr. Whitaker got back to Bristol about noon, and ascertained by inquiry that her husband had returned, with a broken leg, to the city. There was no train that she could take until 4 o'clock, and she spent the interval in inquiring about the accident to Mr. Whitaker and trying vainly to ascertain the reason of his extraordinary conduct.

About half-past 5 o'clock he heard no come Mr. Whitaker made up his mind to go home at all hazards. A steamboat stopped at the wharf at half-past 9 on its way to the city; and borne upon a litter he had himself carried on board. In an hour he was at the city wharf, whence a wagon carried him to his house.

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SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1882.

[Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS FOR 1882.

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

The Press entered its thirtieth (30th) volume on January 1st, 1882.

Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the Press more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1882.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

Election November 7th.

REPRESENTATIVE AT LARGE:

RUSDEN T. BENNETT,

of Anson County.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGE:

THOMAS RUFFIN,

of Orange Co.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES:

First District—JAMES E. SHEPPARD.

Second District—ALMUND A. MCKEEY.

Third District—JAMES C. MCRAE.

Fifth District—JOHN A. GILMER.

Sixth District—WILLIAM M. SHIFF.

FOR CONGRESS—7th District—M. W. ROBBINS, of Irredell.

FOR SOLICITOR—7th District—JOSEPH DODSON.

FOR SENATE—C. B. WATSON,  
FOR HOUSE COMMONS—GEO. WILSON.  
FOR SHERIFF—JOHN EVERETT.  
FOR RELEASER OF DEPS.—D. P. MAST.  
FOR SUPERIOR COURT CLERK—R. T. STEIDMAN.

FOR SURVEYOR—M. H. MORRIS.  
FOR CORONER—WM. BARROW.

The lake steamer Asia, from Collingwood, Ontario, founded in a storm Thursday; it is supposed that out of 100 all but two persons perished.

John Bull beats Brother Jonathan also on land and on water. He wins both the big rifle match and the Thames regatta.

NEW YORK, September 15.—At Creedmoor today, the British won the International Military Rifle Match. Total scores—British, 1,975; Americans, 1,805.

—Hon. R. F. Armfield has our thanks for interesting public document, among them the annual Agricultural Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for 1879.

—Hon. R. F. Armfield has given his West Point cadetship to Mr. J. Gordon Hackett, of Wilkesboro. The appointee is of military stock, being a nephew of the gallant Gen. James B. Gordon, of Wilkes.

—Maybury, Pullman & Hamilton's circus went to pieces in Columbia. It was sued by employees for wages to the amount of \$6,000, which it could not pay, and it went into the hands of the sheriff. As the circus was being unloaded at Columbus one of the camels was killed by a blow from the trunk of the big elephant "Emperor."

## Foreign News.

The British have captured Tel-el-Kebir from the Egyptians after a hot fight, which was won with a rush. The English claim to have taken 3000 prisoners.

LONDON, Sept. 15.—Gen. Wolseley has arrived in Cairo, where he has sent the following dispatches:

CAIRO, September 15.—The war is over. Send no more men. I have been received here with open arms by all classes. The soldiers are glad to return to their homes. Our cavalry did extremely well in the long forced march yesterday.

"Arabi Pasha and Touiba Pasha are both confined in our guard rooms. I will now change my base from Ismailia to Alexandria. The health and spirit of the troops are excellent."

LONDON, September 15.—A dispatch to the *Daily Telegraph*, from Alexandria, records that thousands of Bedouins descended upon Kassassin camp. The British drove them off with loss. Bedouins are hanging around Ismailia in great numbers and promise to give trouble.

The British commander telegraphs from Benhar, September 15th: General Leake has occupied Cairo. Arabi Pasha and Touiba Pasha have surrendered unconditionally. Ten thousand troops at Cairo have laid down their arms.

The war is virtually at an end.

The Khedive of Egypt has signed a decree that officers guilty of rebellion will be prosecuted and punished according to military law; and the Minister of the Interior says that he will quit the country unless capital punishment is awarded to the leaders of the revolt; Arabi Pasha says he fought against his will; he trusts himself to British honor as a soldier whose army has been defeated.

By contracting a severe Cough and Cold. I was compelled to give up my daily work and keep to the house. A neighbor recommended me to try a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; it was procured and used; to my astonishment relief was instantaneous. E. W. CLAYTON, Waverly, Md.

## TO WHEAT GROWERS.

The following interesting article to wheat growers, is from the New York *Journal of Commerce* which is recognized as high authority on all financial and commercial matters:

NEW YORK, September, 14, 1882.

We regret to learn of the stand said to have been taken by some of the wheat growers in the sales of the new crop. Our correspondent who has given us throughout the year such careful and reliable statements concerning the prospects of the harvest now reports that "farmers are not anxious to sell their wheat at present." He bases this opinion on his interviews with many agriculturists and on what he knows of their condition. They are not short of money, they have deposits in bank, "nobody wants to borrow," and they all declare that they will not sell their grain at present rates, but, "will keep it until prices are better."

Our advice as to early sales was not given because we supposed the producers were needy and might suffer for want of the money they could obtain for the contents of their granaries. The farmer who sells only when he is pinched for funds is not governed by his best judgment, but taking counsel of his necessities. It is evident to us that the earlier sales all things considered, will be the best sales, and will make the largest returns to the grower. But if this should not prove true during the current year, it would still be the wisest policy for those who expect to continue in the business.

There are certain plain facts to be considered. The wheat crop in the United States for this year will be about 600,000,000 bushels, against 380,000,000 in 1881 and 480,000,000 in 1880. The home consumption, even with low prices ruling, cannot exceed 290,000,000, and last year was not over 250,000,000 bushels. Taking the highest figure, as the wants of this country, we must have a surplus of at least 310,000,000 bushels. Our exports, reckoning the flour in wheat, were 180,000,000 bushels for the year ending June 30, 1880; 186,000,000 for the year ending June 30, 1881, and for the year ending June 30, 1882, 121,892,389, or, in round numbers, say 122,000,000 bushels.

In each of the last three years the foreign harvests were more or less deficient, but our own crop being a little short last year, the higher prices interfered with our exports. This year almost all the countries to which we send our grain have a fair average crop of their own. Great Britain has a need altogether of Protectors of New Orleans, the Veiled Prophets of St. Louis, the Memphis Lowbellians, Infant Mystics, Strikers, Order of Myths of Mobile and Mumus of Galveston took part in the procession. The line was formed on Madison Avenue to Eatow street to Baltimore then to Holiday, to Lexington to Ninth, to Fayette, to Calvert, to Reec, Charles, Madison and Howard passing the Academy of Music to Franklin street, after which it was dismissed.

The Sheriff and his deputy were shot at Chatanooga, on the 14th, while enroute with a prisoner named Taylor, for Knoxville. When the train stopped at Sweetwater, 3 men entered the car. Taylor's brother approached Deputy Conway from behind, placed a pistol at the back of his head and blew Conway's brains out. He then took the keys from Conway's pocket and unlocked the prisoner Taylor, and the latter secured Conway's pistol. At this instant Sheriff Cate rushed at the men, firing at them and the prisoners. As he fired Taylor shot him in the bowels, and the other men shot him through the breast. The sheriff fell dead. The rescuers commanded the train with drawn pistols, until they jumped off and secured horses and fled among the mountains. They are being pursued.

## Put Up or Shut Up.

At Lincolnton on the 22nd day of August, Judge Bennett in the presence of Col. James A. Leek, of Anson, asked Col. Dockery for a joint canvass of the State. Col. Dockery said that he could not consent to it without the concurrence of Mr. Cooke, chairman of the "Liberal" executive committee, and that he would then, that the reverents are advised, therefore, to hold an awhile, and keeping the wheat in their own granaries, help to sustain the prices. All this might be very well if the price made no difference with the demand. Could they all agree as to their action and by concert in good faith keep the market just barely supplied, and just as many bushels as could be for consumption and shipment as could be disposed of in any other way, this course might be judicious.

But suppose it is tried, and prices are thus sustained? The home consumption, instead of running up to 290,000,000 bushels, will be limited to 250,000,000 bushels, as it was last year; the export will fall even below 122,000,000 we shipped in 1881-2; and to the surplus left over from last year will be added 228,000,000 to be carried to 1883, because no market can be found for it. Are our friends, who so resolutely assert their purpose, to keep their wheat for higher prices, sure that they are not acting on the advice of shrewd growers, who urge this in order that their own crop may be sent forward and duly marketed at higher rates?

The only way of relief we can see is that which will come through lower prices. Let the wheat reach market in the usual order of delivery, and an enormous home crop farmers cannot hope to obtain the rates of either of the last few years. By yielding at once to the inevitable, they will stimulate the consumption in this country fully 15 per cent, which will dispose of nearly 40,000,000 bushels more than last year. They may also keep the foreign markets in their own hand. For the year ending June 30, 1881, we sent 103,000,000 bushels, exported, we sent 103,000,000 bushels to Great Britain, or three-fourths of her foreign purchases. Her need this year will be only 107,000,000, but we may send 100,000,000 of this if our prices are low enough at the beginning of the season. It will be no use to drop the rate at the end of the year, after she has purchased a large part of her supply in other markets.

That feeling of languor and debility that follows physical exertion, removed by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

In our own judgment there is nothing gained by concealing the facts, or attempting to coerce the course of trade. The natural effect of a great abundance is to lower prices. This stimulates consumption everywhere, and thus clears off the surplus. All artificial restraints on this wholesome working of the natural law can only be injurious to every one who is ruled by them.

## Surry County Convention.

There will be a meeting of the Democratic party in convention assembled, on Monday, the 2d day of October, in the town of Dobson, at the court-house, at 1 o'clock, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Legislature, sheriff, clerk and other county officers. The chairman of each township committee will call their respective township Democracy together on Saturday, September 30, for the purpose of appointing a full corps of delegates to attend said convention.

The October number of the *American Farmer* comes to us much improved in appearance. The contents are varied and interesting, and the engravings are more numerous and of improved finish. The advertising and premium supplement is a perfect scrap book of pictures, useful articles given as premiums. This monthly is so well and favorably known, and the improvements will add largely to its circulation.

We will club the *Farmer* with the PRESS for \$2.50 a year.

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Whatever there is of the old crop and at least 310,000,000 bushels of the new we shall have to sell. The farmers argue that if they crowd the wheat forward prices will rapidly decline, and there will be no chance of a subsequent recovery, so that in their haste they will only become the victims of their anxiety. They are advised, therefore, to hold on awhile, and keeping the wheat in their own granaries, help to sustain the prices.

The probability is that there will be nearly or quite two hundred million bushels more than in the previous year, and the certainty is that there will be a less demand for export, except this can be quickened by much lower prices. It is proper to add that as to the actual surplus in hand the difference will be lessened a little by the smaller stock carried over. There was left of the larger crop of 1880 a larger quantity in store than we now have on hand from last year, and this is in favor of the grower.

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# The People's Press.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1882.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

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The little chinapin is ripening.  
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Internal Revenue collections for the week ending Saturday, Sept. 16th 1882: \$21,223.05.

Chas. Buford and lady have returned home from Virginia after a pleasant visit of three weeks.

Fine white corn, the stalks of which were blown down during the late freshet, sold at 60 and 65 cents per bushel.

John Schott's residence, corner of Marshall and West streets, is now fully under way, and will be a neat and substantial building.

Miss Painter preached at Liberty Grove church last Sunday afternoon and in the Methodist Protestant church at night.

Messrs. Tully & Co. will remain here only one week longer. Now is your chance to have your feathers renovated. See advertisement.

Our exchanges say of the Madison Square Theatre organization, "A complete company: perfect plays."

Capt. J. R. Vogler has returned from Blowing Rock and other points in Western N. C., where he spent the summer months.

Miss Daisy Holt and Miss Ella Holt, of Haw River, and Miss Lavenia Haywood, of Raleigh, are the guests of Miss Lula Fries.

At a meeting of the town commissioners on last Monday night a tax of \$1.25 was put on each dog in the town of Kermersville.

Our young friend, William Beck, attained his 21st birthday on last Sunday. We congratulate Will on the happy event and wish him many happy returns.

We regret to learn that our worthy ex-sheriff, J. H. Hill, has had a slight stroke of paralysis. Hope he will soon recover again.

Henry Holder of Winston, has a cow that gives from two to four gallons of milk a day. He also made 158 lbs of butter in six months.

The Moravian Home Sunday School has changed its hour of meeting from 9 o'clock in the morning to half past one o'clock in the afternoon.

Sickness in the family of F. D. L. Messer having prevented the opening of Winston Public School at the proper time the session will not open until Monday next.

Rev. L. B. Wurreschke preaches in the Moravian church Sunday mornings during Dr. Rondthaler's absence. No service was held on Sunday night.

We learn that a burglar attempted to break in Jesse Brown's house, in Waughtown, the other night. Keep your guns and pistols handy and give all such gentry a warm reception.

A tableau is in course of preparation, and will be given in the Vogler store building shortly. The proceeds are to be given to the new chapel being built for Elm Street Sunday School. Date will be given.

Another high corn stalk was on exhibition at Shore & Co's store, last Saturday. It was raised by Lorenzo Lambeth, and measured 16 feet 8 inches in length and 9 feet to the corn, one ear of which was 11 inches long.

A rumpus occurred on "Happy Hill" Sunday evening between a colored man and his wife trying to see which should "boss the shanty." As the man came out of the fracas second best, the woman rules the household.

James Ham, of the Salem mill wagon, shot a large blue crane near the mill, on Tuesday, which measured six feet one inch from tip to tip of wings, and five feet, three inches from tip of bill to end of toes. Uncle Jeff. Fisher had one of his fingers badly lacerated by the wounded bird striking it with its bill.

The seats in Miles Orton's circus broke down at Mt. Airy on Saturday of last week, precipitating some 1,500 people into one heap. Several ladies and children were seriously injured. Fortunately no lives were lost.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett knew well how to draw the beautiful character of Esmaralda since the authoress herself was a North Carolina girl.

Thanks to N. W. Craft for fine specimens of pears. The nursery of Craft is well stocked with the finest fruit trees, and we are pleased to learn that his orders are usually large this season.

LARGE APPLE.—D. B. Clinard, Esq., of Davidson County, sends us a fine apple of the Mammoth Pippin variety, picked up in W. W. Pickard's Orchard at Brownstown, weighing one pound and three-quarters, and measuring sixteen inches round.

Spring chickens have kept at a diminutive size all summer. The other day a country-woman stopped at an old citizen's house and asked him if he wished to buy any chickens.

"Yes, yes," answered the old citizen, "just wait till I go get my specs, and I'll come out and look at them."

Mrs. John Burke, of South Fork township, (Friedberg), dried this season, with her own household help, over \$105 worth of dried fruit. This is the best summer's work in the dried fruit business we have heard of. Mrs. Burke also brings fresh milk to market, a distance of over 7 miles. Mr. Burke is a good farmer and has been very successful in raising all sorts, especially tobacco and sweet potatoes.

A desperate affray took place in the vicinity of Abbott's Creek, on last Tuesday night, between Dolph Idol and A. B. Dillon. Mr. Dillon was severely cut on the head with a knife, which, it is feared will prove fatal.—*Kermersville News*.

The Lexington Dispatch says: During the peach season, beginning with June 12th, A. C. Hegel shipped one thousand baskets and six hundred crates of peaches. He intends planting out five hundred or more trees this fall in addition to his already extensive orchard.

Rev. T. H. Pegram will protract the meeting at Kermersville on the first Sunday in October. Also a protracted meeting will begin at Love's on the 2nd Sunday in next month.—*Kermersville News*.

We again call the attention of our citizens, in town and country, that Messrs. F. & H. Fries are exerting themselves to make a good exhibition for this county at the next State Fair. Let all those who have fine specimens of grain, vegetables, or anything in the crop line, bring it to Messrs. Fries, in good condition, and they will see that they are properly placed. Old reliables, and any remarkable article will be gladly added to their exhibition.

A drummer for a Northern jewelry establishment was in town last week and since his departure all the boys about town are seen standing on the streets with their eyes shut looking at Gen. Grant. The drummer distributed some of his cards on the back of which is engraved a queer looking figure which when looked at by a person for thirty seconds brings a picture of Grant by closing the eyes a few seconds. It is a great curiosity, and bids fair to equal the No. 15 puzzle that was so popular a few years ago.

Below is an engraving of the above figure, made by our young friend, Dermot Butler. Look steady, for 30 seconds at a small white spot in the figure, then close the eyes for a few seconds and a tolerable good picture of Gen. Grant appears before you.

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"Cold!"  
They say that she is cold, but they say what they do not know.  
The very flowers that hang from the girlish spring were growing under the snow.  
Is the violet cold that it shrinks from the gaze and the touch of the herd?  
Is the song of the thrush, though it is not permitted to fondle the bird?  
They often love fondest, love sweet, who never betray the emotion.  
I could tell you of one whom she loves with a passion as deep as the ocean.

It is true, that in words, she has never confessed to the feeling;  
Love chooses a daintier way for its choices and sweetest revealing.

Never once has she touched her lips with his own, never once caressed her hand—He might kiss and caress to his heart's content would he only understand!

"Cold! Cold!" Did he know all her heart as they flippantly say it.  
He would leap with his might at the falsehood to throttle and stifle and slay it.

Some time he will know what to-day what he would buster his life to be knowing—Not, perhaps, till the roses and daisies above her are budding and blooming.

She may die with the weight of her delicate secret upon her.

Then may God charge His angels to crown her with Heavenly blessing and honor!

So they who were made to be lovers, alas, they are nothing but friends;  
He dare not, she will not—boldly, for the want of a word it how ends!

Well, the case is, at least no marvel, the story is common and old;  
Mourn over it, sneeze at it, which you will, but you shall not say she is cold!

—*Aslan G. Chester, in Our Continent.*

### HIS TRUST

When Mr. Tom Rainger, who described himself as a traveling photographic artist, was not on the road, he lived absolutely alone in a humble cottage of a wide stretch of land joining Thornton. Comprised of a high, wide stretch of grassy ground, and a place marshy resort to in the summer.

The village of Thornton, from which the common took its name, was seven miles from the nearest country town. It was a meek little village with an old-fashioned parsonage, an unpretending church, a school-house, a forge and a public house, called the Three Jolly Boys.

To return to Mr. Rainger—when he was not at home he lived on wheels; that is to say he journeyed round the country in a kind of cart-house. He traveled mostly in the winter, finding through the way where no stain of people in Thornton willing to pay him a sixpence to a shilling to see their face, reproduced by the artist's glass. Besides being an artist, our friend was a musician. He really played the violin skillfully, and between fiddling and photographing he got on quite well.

At the time of which I am writing he was a middle-aged man, strongly built and rather short of stature. His weather-face had on it a look of weariness, and also of resolution. Other things than the sun and the wind had had their will with that face. A life's tragedy had scarred it deeper than ever the elements could. His countenance was far from attractive.

"It was the loss of her," said the landlady of the Three Jolly Boys, "that turned him sour, as thunder turns milk sour."

A few moments of happiness her fresh gay voice, the blue light of her eyes and the light gold of her hair and all the dear caressing ways she had gone out of his life and left him, as we have seen, a sour man.

One midsummer's eve, a time to become memorable henceforth in Mr. Rainger's life, that gentleman sat in the bar-parlor of the Three Jolly Boys. It was a club night, and having for the benefit of the Jolly Boys performed twice on his violin, he put the instrument away, and shouldering his case, and with his pipe set fast between his teeth, passed from room to room, smoking and sipping into the clear, moonlit night. The Jolly Boys were hard at it when he left them, but the sound of their jollity was soon behind him; the common was about a mile from the village.

It was a warm, luminous night. Every leaf and every twig of every tree was distinctly visible, such a power of moonlight was on everything. A note faltered through the warm, compassionate stillness. Then from a clump of trees a nightingale began singing.

There were hot tears in Rainger's eyes as he walked along. It seemed to him as if the moonlight, the warm air, the singing bird, had some message from his dead wife—a message which he could not interpret. Ah, with what a passion of worship he thought of her!

When he reached the cottage, instead of entering it, he passed on to the common, where moonlight and unbroken stillness reigned. Standing there, it came to him to take out his violin and to begin playing with all the expression of which he was capable, and he had a small piece, "The Last Rose of Summer." It was the airs his wife liked best to hear him play. Under his hand, which then seemed to acquire the very master's touch, the music rose and quivered and floated far away. He wondered if beyond the moonlight she heard it. All his heart was intent on this when he heard a sound which made him start. It was the sound of feet hurrying as if one were running a race for life. In another second or two, with a low cry, something caught his hand and dropped at his feet; then a girl's voice said, in a whisper of terror: "Save me! hide me! they will find me if you don't! They are following me, I know!"

Rainger raised the girl, and, acting on impulse, led her to his cottage. As they walked along she said:

"As I was running I heard you calling me. That was you, wasn't it?" "It was my music you heard," he answered.

"Your music?" she repeated, simply. "I don't know what that is."

Just then they reached the humble cottage, with its wholesome garden of sweet-smelling flowers. Rainger struck a light, then he turned and looked at his wife. He turned back with an involuntary cry, for the girl fronting him, he seemed to see his wife again—the same shape of face, the same light of gold hair, the same soft, blue eyes, only in these there was a strange pleading, questioning look, which seemed to say: "Where am I? Oh, save me!"

Every day she seemed to cling more

and more to her protector, whom only she and the old woman loved.

Often, for hours together, he would hold her slight form clasped against his heart, and kiss her hair, his right hand leaning upon his shoulder. He told her fairy tales and simple rhymes, of which she liked the sound; but most of all she delighted in hearing him play. He was seen less and less at the Three Jolly Boys, and became still more unpopular. Then people grew curious to know where and when he spent his evenings.

One evening a man stole to his cottage door. It was closed, but the man thought he could hear Rainger talking to himself; he was telling Kate a story.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"I will never let them take you from me, Kate; but you must always do what I tell you; if you don't, we will find you and take you away."

"And bed?"

"I'll sleep over there."

Then he looked at the poor mangled body and dressed the wounds. I am writing of a time, happily past now, when the unfortunate inmate of lunatic asylums underwent horrors which it now sickens one to think of.

He made Kate lie down upon his bed and then cast himself on the floor next to her, and lay beside her. Finally when the dawn had well come, and birds were talkative, he rose and went to look at his charge; she was sleeping as peacefully as a child, one hand half hidden in her long gold hair.

Mr. Rainger felt that something very precious and very beautiful had come to him, but what was he to do with it? Fortunately there was one person in the village who loved and trusted him, and whom he in return also loved and trusted. This person was not beautiful to look at, and also she was old. Her name was Mrs. Wakefield, and she takes her into her confidence.

She had missed his wife through her long and fatal illness, and had been his friend ever since. Unwilling himself to leave the house, as soon as it was light he sent out one of the boys of the village to Martha, asking her to come to him at once. She complied with his request, and, while Kate continued to sleep, Rainger and Mrs. Wakefield talked of what was to be done. One thing was clear, that he must be kept a secret. Mrs. Wakefield was sent in some fresh clothes for the poor girl, and when night came Rainger was to take her to his room, and when she was old enough to be kissed.

As he was about to kiss her, he said, "I have a secret to tell you which you will not like."

"So she was; but let me tell you what the good fairy did."

"It must be she!" ejaculated Dr. Prince. "I should know that voice anywhere. Run to earth at last, my dear."

Without more delay he knocked on the cottage door. The man left off talking, and said "Hush!" in a low tone of voice; then feet moved across the floor and a door shut. Then the door that led from the garden into the sitting-room was opened by Rainger.

"I have lost my way most hopelessly in this terrible fog," began the doctor; "and, catching sight of your friendly light, I thought you might be able to oblige me with the loan of a lantern."

The unsuspecting photographer replied that he should be happy to supply the desired object; and, while he was getting it ready, the doctor came in and made himself at home. There was something in him that Rainger mistrusted and disliked.

"You are a remarkable man," said the doctor, "but I am afraid you are not quite so good as you are."

"So she was; but let me tell you what the good fairy did."

"It must be she!" ejaculated Dr. Prince. "I should know that voice anywhere. Run to earth at last, my dear."

The next day, with a force of keepers, Dr. Prince presented himself at Rainger's cottage.

"I have come to remove my patient," he said.

To this answered Rainger. "She has removed herself; her bird has flown out of the cage. Look long enough and perhaps you will find her."

It was a strange case; but, after all, what evidence could be alleged against Rainger, unpopular as the man was?

"I, however, think that his trust was well kept.—*Philip Bourke Marston.*

"In here you are safe. Here they will never find you."

"Are you quite sure they won't find me?"

"Quite sure; bend your head very low. There, that's it; you can stand up now."

"They were in the everlasting night and winter of the Thornton caves. Indeed in that mighty darkness the rays of the lantern seemed just a faint protest of light."

The ground was thickly covered with sand, which rendered their steps noiseless. In parts the sand sounded in drifts, forming ridges and hillocks.

"I'm frightened," she said, beginning to cry. "I want the music."

"Truth, like the sun, submits to be obscured, but, like the sun, only for a moment."

What the superior man seeks is in himself; what the small man seeks is in others.

Do not speak disrespectfully of personal appearance when any one present may have the same defects.

No one is obliged to think beyond his lights, and we never leave a good sense behind till we wish to get beyond it.

When you give, take to yourself no credit for generosity, unless you have lent yourself something, so that you would bestow the gift.

**Why a Duel was not Fought.**

Opposite the city resides Mr. J. M. Harvey, a gentleman who has lived a very adventurous life. Emigrating from a Northern or Western state, more than thirty years ago, he came to New Orleans, where he settled, marrying into a very wealthy and prominent Creole family. Previous to his settlement in Louisiana Harvey was engaged in the merchant service and had sailed on several whaling voyages. Having married a creole, Harvey strove to conform to the creole ideas and usages, which were quite opposite and repugnant to his own notions and feelings. The transition was certainly a very violent one, from an old skipper, whose tastes had been acquired aboard a Nantucket whaler, to the highly refined rules and customs which govern creole society in Louisiana.

A more remarkable instance of dual faculty than any mentioned is that of a gentleman well known in St. Louis, Mr. E. C. Lockland. Mr. Lockland was for some time treasurer of the Fair association, and excelled no little attention and remark among those who saw him using alternately either hand in writing letters or messages.

The onlookers were, however, still more astonished to see him in a hurry grasp a pen or pencil and write rapidly with both hands, and would have been yet more amazed had they known that the messages he was at work on at the same time were addressed to different people and entirely different character. When not busy enough to employ both hands, he would rapidly use the left, but the character of the handwriting was the same, and it is doubtful if himself knows the difference. He does not seem to consider himself possessed of an unusual gift or talent, and would, no doubt, have been much amused had he heard the remark made by an acquaintance, after seeing him write two letters at once, confidentially informed a friend that he must have his brains part in the middle or be possessed of two sets. The science of medicine teaches that unusual mental strain or activity correspondingly depresses the system physically, but the rule evidently does not apply to Mr. Lockland.

**A Remarkable Freak of Nature.**

A remarkable freak of nature arrived in Cincinnati recently in the way of a child which has managed to live for seventeen months without that bony column of thorax which is regarded as essential to complete existence. Moreover, the child seems to have had no need for a brain, for the eyes may be believed, for in the absence of a skull, the head is translucent and almost transparent, while, by the aid of a lamp properly held, it may be perceived that the brain cavity is filled with a colorless fluid. Nothing exists in this serum that can be perceived. The head is larger than the body, the increase of size being almost entirely above the temples, and measured twenty-seven inches around. The lower face is perfect, and the child would be pretty but for the monstrous development. The rapid growth of the upper head has drawn skin and muscle, and eyelids will not close, and the eyebrows are pulled up an inch at least above the normal position. When an *Enquirer* reporter visited the child it was asleep, and its mother would not allow it to be awakened for experiments. A rather dim coal-oil lamp was placed behind the monstrous head, and gleamed through it as though the skin formed only obstacle to the light. The veins upon the forehead and the locks of hair upon the back of the head made only shadows, as was proved by moving the lamp. The light behind the head illuminated the whole of the interior, being as perceptible upon the surface as the front of the occiput. It is amazing how when the child is even more plainly seen through the skin that it is a remedy for the disease.

"Perhaps you did and perhaps you didn't. What business is it yours whether I speak the truth or not?"

"As it happens," answered the doctor, "it is my very special business. I believe—I am almost certain—that you have a son who is dangerous and escaped lunatic, for whom the closest care has been made."

"That's nonsense!" returned the other, brusquely, busing himself with the lantern. "There is no escaped lunatic here."

"I am sorry to doubt your word," replied the doctor, "but really—" and as quick as lightning he darted to the door of the adjoining room and opened it. At the same time a shape sprang from it, rushed passed him, and falling at Rainger's feet, implored him with a low cry to take care of her and not to give her up to be kissed.

Dr. Prince looked on with a satisfied smile—he had recuperated his victim.

"I have come to remove my patient," he said.

To this answered Rainger. "She has removed herself; her bird has flown out of the cage. Look long enough and perhaps you will find her."

"Fish or no fish," Harvey replied, "that is my weapon. Your friend is quite as skillful in handling sword or pistol as I am with the harpoon. When I challenge him, I will have the choice of weapons, and now I claim the right, the challenged party, to use which ever he has."

"But, sir, your proposition is bizarre and ridiculous, and will bring contempt on all who are engaged in it. This is a serious affair, and I expect you to treat it seriously."

"You'll find harpoons serious enough," replied Harvey, at the same time going through the harpoon experts as practiced on whaling ships.

The indignant creole retired in extreme disgust. And the next day everybody in the city knew of the spoiled duel. It may indicate the radical difference of ideas of the two races that while Fabre's creole friends reported the incident as one which reflected great credit on Harvey, the Americans laughed over it most heartily as a rich joke and a fair commentary upon the absurdity of the duellists.

*New Orleans Letter.*

"A Terrible Misfortune.

Colonel Folson was reading the morning papers yesterday at the breakfast-table when he exclaimed in a horrid tone of voice, "What a terrible misfortune! What is it—somebody got married?" his wife asked in an interested manner. "No, it's not that," he replied, "it's that the son of the doctor who is engaged in the construction of a ditch which will carry the water to a high point near Junction City, to the mouth of Cannon creek, from where it will be crossed in iron pipe to the McKinney and Keno mines.

The indignant creole retired in extreme disgust. And the next day everybody in the city knew of the spoiled duel. It may indicate the radical difference of ideas of the two races that while Fabre's creole friends reported the incident as one which reflected great credit on Harvey, the Americans laughed over it most heartily as a rich joke and a fair commentary upon the absurdity of the duellists.

*New Orleans Letter.*

"The Cravat.

An English trade journal gives this account of the early days of the cravat: In 1636 a foreign regiment arrived in Paris, in the dress of which one characteristic was much admired by the people—namely, a white cravat.

He walked up and down, sorely distressed as to what he should do. Suddenly he stopped in his walk and exclaimed, "Yes, better even than that, I can make a cravat." He took another turn to and fro; then he went on. Kate was sitting just where he had left her, her face buried in her hands.

"Kate," he said, "I can save you if you will do just what I tell you."

"I will be good," she answered.

Shortly after that a man, powerfully built, with a somewhat low, square head, and a slightly crooked nose, entered the room. He was wearing a white cravat.

"I am Frankly Canady," he said.

The United States is the one that warms the heart of Virginia, the capital in Richmond. It was made in England and sent to Richmond in 1770, and remained there for forty years.

Chapped hands, face, pimpls, and rough skin cured by Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hause & Co., New York.

"Fancy Men."

"Health Book" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Neuralgia, \$1. Druggists. Send for pamphlet.

"Carolina, No. 1,"

"Health Book" selected from the best physicians, \$1. Druggists. Send for pamphlet.

"Health Book" selected from the best physicians, \$1. Druggists. Send for pamphlet.

### WISE WORDS.

The throne of another is not stable for thee.

The reward of doing one duty is the power to perform another.

Every one is as God made him,